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# Out of the West





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*By*

CHARLES EDWIN LINTHACUM

*Scenic Writer*

*Nature Student*



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In the poems comprising the collection entitled "Out of the West," I have in some, tried to point to the beauties and grandeur of the "great West;" in others, to portray everyday life as we live it, and know it, and yet in others, to show man's great longing for a closer unity with that vast, invisible world, of which we feel, and know ourselves to be a part.

—The Author.

## LET'S GO TO THE HILLS

O world-weary men, let's go to the hills  
For a day, to those green, grassy hills,  
Where grayling and trout, I feel very sure,  
Are now playing "tag" in the rills.

Where the handsome blue grouse and the little  
brown hen  
Are a *wonderful* sight—on the wing;  
Where the pine-squirrels chatter, a robin takes  
flight,  
And a deer comes to drink at the spring.

Where moose in the lowland, the elk on the  
heights  
So clear, ring the call of their clan.  
There's water and wood, there's all that man  
needs;  
'Tis the home of primitive man.

Where dinner and rest, as the evening comes  
on;  
O wonderful, wonderful day!  
A breeze from the snow-fields steals quietly  
down  
And blows all your troubles away.

Where on the last day, with life's troubles o'er,  
From earth my spirit takes wing;  
Just plant me at last in a cool, shady spot,  
In the hills, where the wild thrushes sing.

*THAT LITTLE STREAM STANDING  
ON END*

There's a beautiful spot 'way back in the hills,  
Unscarred and untarnished by men;  
'Tis just as God made it—that fair paradise,  
Near that little stream standing on end.

There the water comes rushing and cascading  
down,  
To the lake far below to descend.  
A rainbow gleams there, through the mist and  
the spray,  
In that little stream standing on end.

'Twas there we pitched our tepee that day,  
'Mong the pines, in a well-sheltered glen;  
Such a cool, pleasant place—our cares went  
away—  
By that little stream standing on end.

Again nature's calling! The wild woods say  
come;  
Its magic mere man never penned;  
We are starting today for that fair paradise,  
Near that little stream standing on end.



## THE GREEN AND THE GOLD

There's a monderful state in the west-land,  
Where the dreams of our youth are fulfilled;  
'Tis the land of the magic—Montana,  
Where the beauties of nature lay spilled.

There is beauty in forest and meadow,  
In the crags—at the rising sun's gleam—  
The great waterfalls in the shadows,  
And the moonlight on lake, and on stream.

There's a wealth of bright flowers in spring-  
time,  
In summer, great harvests of grain;  
With a riot of colors at autumn,  
O'er hillside and valley and plain.

On the hillsides, the aspen, the willow,  
*Pure gold*—in the ripe autumn-time,  
Are blended with green of the spruce tree,  
The fir and the health-giving pine.

Montana! Fair state of rich treasures,  
Your beauties forever unfold;  
But *supreme* are your great shining mountains,  
When clothed with the green and the gold.

## A VALLEY HOME IN JUNE

A valley home, at morning's dawn,  
Is a wondrous place to be;  
The *magnitude* of silences  
Envelope you and me.  
That quiet hour, when all is still,  
My morning's walk I take;  
The forest-folk, I always find,  
Are up and wide awake.

The elk are on yon mountain-side,  
A deer feeds in the glen,  
Her baby 'mong the daisies  
Lies hidden from all men.  
A hush is o'er all earthly things,  
While nature seems in tune;  
Why hurry on to *heaven*  
From a valley home in June.

These grand old mountains—friends of mine,  
So old, yet always new—  
The purple shadows over all  
Are changing unto blue.  
The shades of night are lifting now,  
That wonder-hour has passed;  
The sun peeps through that jagged cleft—  
A new day here, at last.

And when my work on earth is done,  
This greed and haste shall cease;  
My groping mind at last shall reach  
That great *eternal* peace.  
The gentle night-winds softly blow,  
The *spirit* calls, "Come soon."  
I'd clasp hands with *infinity*  
At morning's dawn in June.



## THE MASTER PAINTER

'Twas very still, and the stars were gone;  
The day had just begun.  
I took my place at my window-seat,  
To paint the rising sun.

The first faint blush of the rose of dawn,  
Like crimson flecked with grey,  
Was stealing through the vales and hills,  
Then on, and up, away.

A curtain, made from fleecy clouds,  
Like cobwebs washed with dew,  
Aflame! On fire, with rainbow hues,  
Came slowly into view.

I saw great castles in those clouds—  
Stood there, a warrior bold!  
And at the very rainbow's end  
There was that pot of gold.

The canvas was of crystal white;  
Vales, hills and mountains high,  
While every tree and mountain peak  
Stood pointing to the sky.

I thought to paint a fair sunrise  
In these quaint hills today,  
But the Master Painter was at work,  
And I laid *my brush* away.



## THE COUNTRY DANCE

'Tis night; the country-folk all gather 'round  
And join in merry song;  
The fiddlers play, they all join hands.  
All hail! The dance is on.

While 'round and 'round those restless feet  
Keep step with each refrain;  
Such pure abandon—and what joy!  
The world is young again.

The eyes are bright, the pulse beats fast,  
As 'round and 'round they go,  
In dreamy waltz and quick two-step;  
'Tis joy supreme, I know.

Those blue eyes flash the message down:  
“You cute li'l chick-a-dee”;  
The brown eyes send the answer back:  
“You sure look good to me.”

While all alone at home I sit;  
The fire is burning low.  
My corncob pipe is at its best—  
Just let the old wind blow.

My Airedale pup lies by my chair,  
While sleeping says boo-woo;  
The little cuss dreams 'bout the bears—  
In dreams I'm there with you.

## THE BROOKSIDE

Did you hear it? Brother, listen!  
To that martial sound I hear.  
From the east and west 'tis echoed,  
Growing louder, drawing near.

And they fill the world with song.  
'Tis the drum-beat of a people,  
As they gaily march along,  
Eager all to reach the brookside,

See the happy, smiling faces  
Of the children in that band;  
Childish cares are all forgotten,  
They go singing, hand in hand.

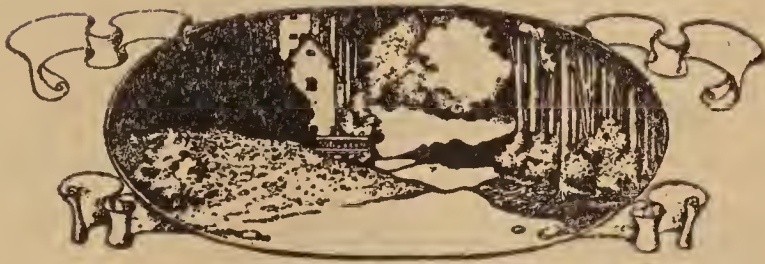
There are fathers, there are mothers,  
Marching with that human flood,  
Knowing well the goal is nearing,  
Happy in man's brotherhood.

And at last the little children,  
Racing 'neath the woodland trees,  
Come to play along the brookside,  
'Mong the flowers and birds and bees.

While those fathers and those mothers  
In a shady nook remain,  
Laughing now, like happy children;  
They renew their *youth* again.

Tell me, O my brother, tell me,  
Why mankind is at his ease;  
Why such rest and peace, and quiet,  
There beneath the woodland trees.

This is why there's such contentment,  
Where those childish feet have trod;  
Why such rest and peace and quiet:  
Man is *near* unto his God.



*WILL "YOU" COME WITH ME?*

Will *you* come with me,  
At spring's early dawn,  
When the flowers have come,  
And the winter has gone?

When the wood-birds are singing  
A gay, merry tune,  
And are building their nests,  
In springtime—in June?

When the pheasant hen clucks  
To her own happy brood,  
And nature's again  
In that great mystic mood?

When each bud and each flower,  
Each leaf and each tree  
Are whispering "come,"  
Will *you* come with me?

Will *you* come with me,  
'Neath the fierce noon-day sun,  
Where the battles of life  
Are lost—perhaps won?

Where, in striving for fame,  
And for wealth, and for place,  
There's none but the strong  
Ever win in that race?



Where life we can see,  
Ere we fairly begin,  
Is made up of happiness,  
Sorrow and sin?

And the most noble work  
I know we shall find  
Is in unselfish service  
To all of mankind?

Will *you* come with me,  
When the evening shades fall,  
When all's quiet and still,  
Save the whippoorwill's call?

And the years that are past  
Come up in review,  
Showing many dark days,  
And brighter ones, too?

When the angels ring bells  
In the far-promised land,  
And my spirit is troubled,  
Will *you* hold my hand?

With *you* by my side,  
We would strive for the good;  
Do our work in this world  
As God wills we should.

As the silver moon brightens  
A path 'cross the sea,  
Will *you* brighten my pathway?  
Will *you* come with me?

## OUR JERSEY COW

We's got de nices' Jersey cow ;  
She hair is jus' like silk ;  
She's got de sof'est great big eyes,  
An' she's gonna give us milk.

Today I go down by de crick  
To get some flowers an' fings ;  
I seen a bluejay in a tree,  
An' I heard a robin sing.

An' nen I hear an awfu' noise ;  
It go whir-r-r, thump, thump, thump, thump,  
thump ;  
It was jus' a ol' he-pheasant,  
A-drummin' on a stump.

An' nen I lay down on my tummy,  
In de grass, an' laf an' laf ;  
Fer jus' behin' some bushes,  
I fin' Jersey's bran'-new calf.

Ol' Jersey didn't know I's dere,  
An' she'd eat some buttercups ;  
She'd take a little bit o' grass,  
An' nen more buttercups.

Ol' Jersey et de buttercups ;  
She hair is jus' like silk.  
Will she give nice, rich, yellow cream,  
Or jus' ol' "buttermilk" ?

## THE SEVEN SISTERS

They danced and they played the live-long day,  
And for purest joy they'd sing;  
They picked bright flowers on green hillsides,  
And loitered by the spring.

But when the evening-time had come,  
In April, June or May,  
And the bossies with the tinkling bells  
Came down the milky-way—

They'd hie away to a sheltered nook,  
Beside some rock or tree,  
Keep very still and not come home  
'Till the moon was on the lea.

You can see them now on a starry night,  
'Mid scenes that are bright and gay;  
They are dancing there by the light of the  
moon,  
Just *off* the milky-way.



# THE TRAIL THAT LEADS OVER THE HILL

(*A Chantey*)

As a child I had dreams—of fancy and truth,  
When the mind wanders free and at will.  
It was then I saw Heaven, that bright angel-  
land,  
From “the trail that leads over the hill.”

There was beautiful sunshine and flowers  
everywhere,  
And a purling brook close by a mill;  
There were bluebells and daisies and forget-me-  
nots,  
In that land of “just over the hill.”

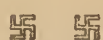
There I found baby brother, asleep and at rest;  
Where the whisper of wings never still.  
My mother sat near him, and a lullaby sang,  
In that land of “just over the hill.”

I had wondered and wondered how she found  
the way,  
O’er the rocks and over the rill—  
She had followed so slowly, those wee baby  
tracks  
Up the trail that leads “over the hill.”



'Twas a long, weary journey; I know she grew  
tired—

'Tis pictured in memory still.  
I can see where she rested—there's a scar on  
the sod,  
By the trail that leads "over the hill."



### *SHE'S GONE*

She came to us—the fairy-queen—  
While the springtime yet was new;  
It was at that enchanted hour,  
When the earth is drenched with dew.

She was demure and coy and sweet,  
But she could not stay for long—  
Three days she lived and smiled on us,  
And now—she's gone.

She rests beneath the lilac tree,  
Where the evening zephyr blows;  
She was God's fairest handiwork—  
A baby rose.

## *THE JAY AND THE ROBIN*

On a time long ago, when the grass was all  
green,

A jay met a beautiful robin.  
He said "Pretty one, I love you a lot."  
And that set her little head bobbin'.

"You're so dainty and cute, so modest and nice,  
So happy in all kinds of weather ;  
Let us get us a nest and some wee baby birds,  
And always live happy together."

"O what shall I do, my heart's all a-thrill,  
But this is so sudden," she said ;  
"And to live all my life with a proud, haughty  
jay,"  
Then she blushed such a rosy-red red.

When the wee baby birds were dressed in their  
best

They looked like—O what do you think?  
They were not like a robin, they were not like a  
jay ;  
They were just like a fair bob-o-link.



## IT WAS SPRING

Fer back quite a spell, I been fidgetin' 'roun',  
Sort o' reckless an' perky an' gay;  
I knowed ther' wuz somethin' thet brung hit  
about,  
Else why did I feel thet 'er way.

The colts in the pastur' wuz scamperin' 'roun',  
Ol' so-boss brung a baby calf in;  
The sheep in the medder all got little lambs,  
An' the pigs wuz a rootin' like sin.

Down in the far fiel' I was saunterin' 'roun',  
A jay-bird wuz squawkin' his best;  
The robins an' bluebirds was chirpin' erbout,  
An' a pheasant wuz makin' a nest.

I sot myself down in the sun, 'gainst a rock,  
An' heard all the little birds sing;  
Pulled my "Almanick" out, an' ther' on the first  
page—  
It wuz Spring.



## *LITTLE SWEETHEART*

It was on a summer morning,  
In a quiet, shady dell,  
I found you 'mong the daisies—  
The flowers I love so well.  
Some Elfin sprite, you seemed to me;  
So young and pure and fair,  
While at the brook your toilet made,  
Unloosed your auburn hair.

O my dear little sweetheart,  
I knew you'd be true;  
You love pretty daisies,  
That is why I loved you.  
O my dear little sweetheart,  
You and the daisies are "one;"  
You live in the springtime,  
Your faces are turned to the sun.

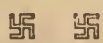
The daisies—all attention,  
Their faces wet with dew;  
They, too, were peeping in the brook,  
Their beauty to review!  
A gentle breeze came down the glen,  
It waved your burnished hair;  
It kissed the dew-drops from the flowers,  
Whose perfume filled the air.



Your basket, heaped with flowers—

You called to me, "Let's run,  
Climb high upon our 'wishing-rock,'  
And watch the rising sun."

Again we've climbed that "wishing-rock,"  
Soft, white hand clasped in brown;  
Dreaming of one far June sunrise,  
Waiting for life's sun-down.



*I AM WONDERING WHY*

At a time in the past, very distant,  
    Aeons on aeons away,  
This beautiful world was a shadow,  
    Was naught but a lump of clay.

Whirling through space in its cycle,  
    Destined to last through its span;  
Known to the God of the Heavens,  
    As yet—it was unknown to man.

It then was enveloped, enshrouded,  
    Buried deep, in life-giving air;  
Then came the waters upon it,  
    The grasses and flowers so fair.

Then was fashioned the trees of the forest,  
    A "master-brush" painted the sky;  
The "wild things" appeared as by magic,  
    Then came man—

I am wondering why.

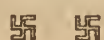
## *I STOOD UPON A MOUNTAIN*

I stood—upon a mountain,  
While the black of night lay furled,  
With beating heart, expectant,  
For the *light* that rules the world.  
With its coming, there was gladness,  
As in past unnumbered years;  
Dainty flowers, with upturned faces,  
Faintly smiling—through their tears.

From the silence of the forest,  
Came the sweetest roun-de-lay;  
Wood-birds sang their faintest carol,  
As a welcome to the day.  
Starry-eyed, filled deep with wonder,  
Were the “wild things” passing by;  
All of earth were strengthened, quickened,  
From that “presence” in the sky.

I stood—upon a mountain,  
Looking far, on field and glen,  
On the gently waving grasses,  
And on restless, eager men.  
They were sowing, tilling, reaping;  
Ceasing not, to wonder why,  
Urged by forces great! dynamic!  
From the sun—up in the sky.

I stood—upon a mountain,  
When the birds had gone to rest;  
Saw the hilltops change to golden,  
From that “magic,” in the west.  
In that “softly-shadowed” silence,  
Far from men, afar from home,  
I stood—upon a mountain!  
Yet—I did not—stand alone.



### *MEN*

No! We're not tied down by an iron string,  
Told where to jump, and when;  
We've got where we are by “battin’ the ball”;  
We belong to a race of “he-men.”

In this game of life, you've got to fight,  
All the way from the soup to the nuts;  
And the prizes all go to the man that dares—  
To the man who's got the “guts.”

In line, we'll face the battle-front,  
The issue, none can tell;  
But when the fight is up to us,  
We'll give 'em “merry hell.”

## THE MISSOURIAN

The "Missourian" sure is a queer sort of chap;  
You'll find him wherever you roam—  
In the sunny seas islands, the African veldt,  
Or the cold, frozen shores of Cape Nome.  
Wherever you find him, he's always the same,  
You're welcome to what he calls home.  
But one thing he'll ask, and on that he'll insist,  
Just leave his "dam business alone."

He's free to a fault; he'll give you his shirt,  
Should he feel there really is need.  
He not only asks—he demands—a square deal;  
'Tis ever and always his creed.  
Quite often you'll find him out on the frontier,  
Just patiently building a home;  
But remember one thing, when he makes you  
his guest,  
Just leaves his "dam business alone."

I met him one time, way out in the west,  
He was starting to build up a herd;  
The calf was stretched out—he was running his  
brand;  
Fast work; but never a word.  
At last he saw me, and up went his gun,  
And he said, "Just speed up that roan;  
I'm telling you now, if you value your hide,  
Just leave my 'dam business alone'."



Again did we meet, in his own native state,  
    'Neath the shade of a "white el-lum" tree,  
On a moss-covered log, he was huggin' his girl;  
    I'll say he had class, "hully gee."  
He spied me, and tore off a "white el-lum" limb,  
    While the fire in his eyes fairly shone;  
He hissed through his teeth, "Get to hell out of  
    here,  
And leave my 'dam business alone'."



### *THE FLAPPER*

You call her a Flapper, the girl in her teens,  
    A tomboy, the jest of the town;  
You say she's a trial, is rough, and a pest,  
    A menace that should be put down.

In fact, she's a flower, just now in the bud,  
    Full of promise, of form and of face,  
Warm-hearted and gay, she's her daddy's best  
    pal,  
She's the pride and the hope of the race.

"Your" soul is so little, so twisted and sere,  
    To your dark, musty past it still clings;  
When the last bugle blows "you'll" be calling  
    for ice,  
While she's singing and flapping her wings.

## *FAIRIES OF THE WATERFALL*

In a shadowy cove, in the wild-woods,  
Where the mosses grow thick on the wall,  
Sat a dainty miss, watching the fairies  
That play in the great waterfall.

Alone with her dreams of enchantment,  
As the wonder of nature unfolds,  
To her, who is now at the doorway,  
Of a future—that mystery holds.

In a shadowy cove, in the wild-woods,  
Where the mosses grow thick on the wall,  
Stood a pretty girl, watching the fairies  
That play in the great waterfall.

A princess she was, in her woodland,  
Like a flower full-blown in its home;  
One hand she points to the fairies,  
With the other she beckons me come.

In a shadowy cove, in the wild-woods,  
Where the mosses grow thick on the wall,  
Lay a young mother, watching the fairies  
That play in the great waterfall.

Painted by one of the masters,  
A “nature-scene” hangs on the wall;  
At her breast lay one of the fairies  
That play in the great waterfall.

*GOOD BYE, SILVER RAPIDS,  
GOOD BYE*

Fair one of the hills ! You have stolen my heart,  
You entrance me, you led me away ;  
The sunlight and shadow, the hillside and dell,  
You reflect in a gossamer spray.

Skipping and leaping, you murmur a song,  
Of the winds, of the earth, of the sky ;  
Fair one of the hills, I must go, far away ;  
Good bye, "Silver Rapids," good bye.

Carefree and gay, you dance in the sun,  
Bewitching in all of your moods ;  
Most charming to me, when white, jeweled  
hands,  
Waft kisses, to friends in the woods.

At midnight I've come, to our old trysting  
place ;  
There's the "lovers' moon," low in the sky ;  
Though it's breaking my heart, I must leave  
you, dear one ;  
Good bye, "Silver Rapids," good bye.



## *APPLE BLOSSOM TIME*

I would like to paint a picture  
Of a distant scene and clime,  
Of a young and lovely mother,  
In the apple blossom time.

Round her close I'd place an aura,  
As she softly hums a tune,  
Standing where the sun shines softly,  
She is singing "Bonny Doone."

From the shadows, now on tip-toe,  
Bright blue eyes alight with joy,  
Hands held high with fragrant blossoms,  
Comes her laughing, bare-foot boy.

She is smiling as she takes them,  
From her boy with eyes of blue,  
As he lisps in childish whispers,  
"Darlin' muvver, dese for you."

Then I'd paint another picture,  
Of a distant scene and clime,  
Where there's rose and golden twilight,  
In the apple blossom time.

And that young and lovely mother,  
Softly smiling, looking down,  
With that aura, now a halo,  
She is wearing for her crown.



Up the path-way, now on tip-toe,  
Bright blue eyes alight with joy,  
Hands held high with apple blossoms,  
Comes her laughing, bare-foot boy.

Now so shy, he watches—wonders,  
Her baby boy with eyes of blue,  
As he lisps, in childish whispers,  
“Darlin’ muvver, dese for you.”



*MY FRIEN', MEES ANGIE BROWN*

You say you write for beeg news press,  
An' com' from up ze town  
To try fin' out 'bout big Jack Smeeth,  
An' sweet Mees Angie Brown?

Ah, well, tra, la; eet ees thees way:  
Me leave the gay "Paree,"  
Fin' men all daid, kill in ze war,  
No fin' chance zere for me.

Me theenk ze States be sure right place,  
Ze men so beeg an' gran',  
Me get New York, me fin' out queek,  
Out wes' me fin' right man.

Me reach ze wes' at lil' cow-town,  
Ze shops, jes' one, two, three;  
Ze agent say, "Want job on ranch,  
Jack Smeeth ze man to see."

O zat beeg ranch, eet sure fin' place,  
Beeg tree an' house so gran',  
Zee peeg, ze horse, an' cows an' cows,  
An' thousan' acre lan'.

Ze Meester Smeeth, he's fin' look at,  
He's beeg' an' brown an' strong;  
Ze Meeses Smeeth, O dear, she seek,  
Me think, no live ver' long.

Mees Smeeth she have one fin' girl frien',  
Her name ees Angie Brown;  
She wear fine clos', she drive gran' car,  
When she go to ze town.

Now Angie come see Meeses Smeeth,  
O sure not come see man;  
When Meeses Smeeth go out ze yard,  
Jack Smeeth hol' Angie han'.

Now me stay out zat fin' Smeeth ranch  
'Bout three mont', maybe four;  
Mos' sure me cook, an' keep ze house,  
An' scrub ze kitchen floor.

One day me look down by ze gate,  
O sure, eet Angie Brown;  
She see Mees Smeeth, say hello, dear,  
I'll take you up to town.

Ze Meeses Smeeth say sure she go,  
"I need the air, you see;  
Marie can sure run this ol' ranch,  
Almost as good as me."

O sure, me say, me cook ze grub,  
An' wash ze pot an' pan;  
Eef me not do just like you do,  
Me sure do bes' me can.

An zen me hear ze Meeses say,  
“My dear frien’ Angie Brown,  
Marie is sure the dearest girl  
That ever struck this town.”

They go down lane, an’ roun’ ze ben’,  
Zen straight away to town;  
Me smile one leetle smile at Jack,  
My lef’ eye, eet fa’ down.

An’ zen me run, O sure fa’ down,  
An’ tore my nice new dress;  
Jack Smeeth he run an’ peek me up—  
Me sure not run my bes’.

He hol’ me tight an’ kees me fas’,  
An’ hug to beat ze ban’;  
O sure, me jump pretty queek,  
But still he hol’ my han’.

“You let me loose, you beeg, bad man,”  
Me say, an’ zen he frown;  
Mos’ sure me smile ze leetle smile,  
My lef’ eye, eet fa’ down.

O sure, he grab me queek an’ say,  
“My little dear, Marie,  
If you don’t make that eye behave,  
You’ll make a wreck of me.”



“Eet sure too bad for you get wreck  
By leetle me, boo, hoo;  
Me theenk you wreck me leetle bit,  
While me a-wreckin’ you.”

An zen me say, “You bad li’l’ kid,  
You theenk you beeg an’ gran’;  
You come ze pantry shelf wis me,  
Me give you bread an’ jam.”

Mos’ soon Jack say, “We go ze porch;  
Marie, you little dear;  
You sure ze sweetes’ leetle thing,  
An’ eet ees warm in here.”

He tell me zen about ze cows,  
Ze horse, ze peeg, ze lan’;  
Sure hol’ me tight weeth beeg, strong arm,  
An’ pat my leetle han’.

He say Mees Seeth she fail so fas’,  
She such frail leetle thing;  
He say he sure, at very bes’,  
She not live till ze spring.

He want me sure stay on ze ranch,  
To keep ze house in trim,  
An’ when Mees Smeeth, she laid away,  
He want me marry him.

Eet's now tra, la, me Meeses Smeeth,  
Been marrie' 'bout one year;  
An' my good frien' Mees Angie Brown,  
Me sure she shed some tear.

Now Angie say to me one day,  
On face one leetle frown:  
"Me chase one fine man up a tree,  
You help me shake him down."

Me say, "Mos' sure me help my frien',  
But me not see ze man;  
While not quite sure eet come out right,  
Me do ze bes' me can."

She breeng zat man out ranch one day,  
He sure ees beeg an' gran';  
Me theenk, tra la, me play lil' trick,  
An' "ketch" this doctor man.

We have ze dinner out on porch,  
Zere ees roas' beef an' ham,  
Mince pie an' cake an' peach preserve,  
An' seven kind of jam.

Zat doctor man say: "Meeses Smeeth,  
I'll come again to tea;  
You little country girls know how  
Treat men like Jack an' me."

Jack say to Jim: "Go get your hat,  
We'll go out see the cows,  
An' give these little girls a chance  
To straighten up the house."

"Now, Angie dear, we got work fas,'  
Firs' teeng we do your hair,  
An' zen we put in drawing-room  
Your hat an' gloves, on chair.

"Now you stan' here, in front ze glass,  
You almos' touch thees chair,  
An' reach both pretty arms up high,  
Pin rose in nice brown hair.

"All right, mos' done; now do like me,  
No, no, you mus' not frown;  
Jus' smile ze leetle baby smile,  
An let lef' eye fa' down."

Now all is fix', ze lamp turn' low,  
Li'l' hat an' gloves, on chair."  
An' Angie Brown she try so hard,  
Get rose pinned in her hair.

Me hear li'l' noise out on ze porch,  
An' say, "Ees zat you men?  
Please, Jack, come to chicken house,  
An' help me set some hen."

Zat doctor man he come ze door,  
Mos' sure ze light ees dim;  
He see Mees Angie Brown all right,  
Of course she not see him.

An' there ees Angie, front the glass,  
Her theengs on that ol' chair;  
She hol' those pretty arms up high,  
An' try pin rose in hair.

Zat doctor man say, "Angie dear,"  
An' zen he saw zat chair,  
With Angie tryin', O so hard,  
To pin ze rose in hair.

He reach her queek, he take her han's,  
She say ver' sof'ly, "Jim,"  
Her lef' eye flutter leetle bit;  
Eet sure good-night for him.





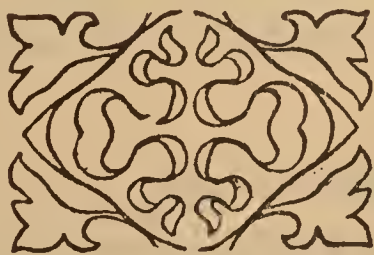
## KITTY, KITTY

You is des de nices' kitty, kitty  
Dat I ever, ever see;  
You dwink you' milk, den wash you' face,  
Like little Joe, an' me.

An' nen you lay down by de stove,  
You sing you' song so nice;  
I guess it's 'bout canary birds,  
Or little baby mice.

O' tourse I likes my dolly,  
An' plays wis her all day;  
But you is sure a *live one*—  
Dat's like my daddy say.

But when you wink you' eyes at me  
An' give me dat saucy look,  
I'll des grab, an' hug an' hug **you**,  
Like my daddy hugs de cook.



*MOST WONDERFUL BABY THE  
WORLD DOES KNOW*

*(A Lullaby)*

Our wonderful baby,  
As nice babies go,  
Is the most wonderful baby  
The world does know.

With brown, curly hair,  
The bluest blue eyes,  
Which seem to reflect  
The blue of the skies.

His face is all dimples,  
Yes! one on his nose;  
He's dimples clear down  
To his pink little toes.

Those soft little hands,  
Such a noble, high brow,  
A mouth made to kiss,  
"No, mother—not now."

O wonderful baby,  
With those azure blue eyes,  
While your feet touch the earth,  
Your soul's in the skies.

We'll love you, and watch you,  
By night and by day,  
Reach heaven at last,  
You leading the way.

Swing high, swing low, swing to and fro,  
While softly the wood-land breezes blow;  
Swing high, swing low, swing to and fro,  
Most wonderful baby the world does know.



*“CLOUDY” AGAIN MAKES A KILL*

At old Stony-Lonesome, back deep in the wilds,  
On a tragic and ill-fated day;  
While the storm-king was dealing destruction  
and death,

He was whelped in a hole in the hay.  
Of the litter, he was the stronger by far,  
And soon they were fighting for feed;  
They would tumble about and fight in their  
play;  
They were of that fierce Airedale breed.

They'd jump and they'd dance, when the mas-  
ter was near,  
While some of them set up a yowl;  
But Cloudy the brave, at his side all the while,  
Stood guard, with a glare and a growl.  
The puppies would play, with the boys on the  
hill,  
Going down belly-buster, they'd say,  
With Cloudy as pilot, on the very first sled;  
Some dog! He was leading the way.

One day as they tumbled and rolled in the yard,  
A wood-mouse had happened to roam,  
Unthinking it strayed too far from its nest;  
Poor mousie, it never got home.



With yips and with yells, at the mouse they all  
went,

Through brush, 'round stumps, down the hill,  
Near the creek it was ended, that race to the  
death,

And Cloudy had made his first kill.

They trailed off to see the country nearby,

And up near the top of the knoll;

They saw a fat gopher stand up like a stick,

A hundred feet off from his hole.

O boy! such a race; for that gopher was scared;

You couldn't have counted to ten

Before they were on him; "Mr. Gopher, good-  
night."

And the kill went to Cloudy again.

A sassy old groundhog, one day in the fall,

Who lived in the rocks near some logs,

Screamed out his defiance of all the wide world,

Most of all the "little brown dogs."

They're up and away, his bluff has been called,

And those "devil pups" all in a string,

Are running like mad; they are after big game,

And they find it down close to the spring.

On a huge granite boulder, most big as a house,

Mr. Groundhog, important and vain,

Chee-chee-chee scolded and begged for a fight;

But never, no never again.

They made a grand rush, but the rock was too  
high,  
And each time they made a great bound;  
Down they came tumbling, all roughed up and  
mad,  
But their feet always lit on the ground.

While three of the pups, with fighting teeth  
bared,  
Made for him, and jumped from the ground;  
Like a catapult rushed a brown shape from the  
hill,  
And leaped, with a growl and a bound,  
To the backs of the dogs, then on to the top,  
Where the groundhog stood now, very still;  
'Twas a battle for life, on top of that rock,  
And Cloudy again made a kill.

In the balmy bright springtime, the master  
brought home  
A young and most beautiful wife,  
To lighten his sorrows and share all his joys;  
Through the hills and the valleys of life,  
Grim, sad-faced old Cloudy, man's dog that he  
was,  
Came close at his master's command.  
"Now, Cloudy, this dear girl is yours to pro-  
tect."  
Laid his great grizzled head in her hand.



Autumn had come, with its cold, biting winds,  
While the master's great friend, Captain  
Mace,  
Had come from the town to spend the week-end  
And follow the dogs in the chase.  
Both the men and the dogs are eager to start,  
As the shades of the night turn to grey;  
They are crossing the creek at Patterson's ford,  
Then off for the hills, and away.

They swing to the north, then back past the  
buttes,  
To where the tall rye-grass begins;  
Ki-yi-i; they've jumped him, a grey mountain  
wolf—

That monster shall pay for his sins.  
It's "back to the wild," O man, what a sight!  
Toward the lowland the wolf leads the pack;  
And those brown "devil dogs," like engines of  
death,  
Are now straining close at his back.

Whoop hi! Tiny's got him; They're all closing  
in;  
Now Monkey has clinched at the right.  
While Ole has grabbed for the tender left flank;  
My God! what a whale of a fight.  
There's a fierce, savage snarl and a lunge for  
the throat,  
As the fight rages there on the hill;



A tremor, a gasp, from the great shaggy beast,  
And Cloudy again makes a kill.

Came winter again, with its storms and its  
snows,

And pneumonia, that worst of man's ills,  
Held fast the master, then took him away—

That fear-haunted scourge of the hills.

While faithful old Cloudy, so silent and grim,

Whose grief was so sad and so sore,

Sharing all with the "dear one" whom he must  
protect,

Stood guard at his dear master's door.

It was springtime once more, the flowers in  
bloom,

And fragrance and song filled the air.

The "dear one's" fair cheeks were as pink as  
the rose,

While garlands were twined in her hair.

"I've come for you dear"—it was young Cap-  
tain Mace,

His arms clasped her tight, with a will;

In a flash he went down, with great fangs in  
his throat,

And Cloudy again makes a kill.



## *HANDSOME JIM*

When the country was young, out in the far  
west,

There once lived a small band of men;  
They were known far and wide, as jolly good  
sports,

We called them the wonderful ten.  
They were led by a blue-eyed, fine, up-standing  
chap,

Full of vigor and ginger and vim;  
He was like a spring breeze, from the warm,  
sunny south,

He was called by his friends "Handsome  
Jim."

There was Shorty, and Wilson, and Curly, and  
Joe;

There was Jack, and that dare-devil Slim;  
Then there was McFarland, Old Smoky, and  
Bill,

And that prince of a man—"Handsome Jim."  
These boys, to be sure, were just a plain lot,  
And they rode for the Double-bar Ten;  
They looked a bit tough, when dressed for their  
work,

But deep in their hearts they were men.

When spring work was over, they'd take in the  
town,

Drink and gamble, and go down the line,

Where the girls, with a rush, would grab for  
first choice,

But the *little one* says: "Jim is mine."

They'd sing and they'd dance, sometimes they'd  
shoot craps;

Yes, they'd paint the bloomin' town red,  
And wake up next day, at half after two,  
With a saw singing tunes in the head.

Was some widow distressed, her child without  
shoes,

With cold winter coming again?

A purse would be sent, and inscribed on the  
card,

"From the ten."

At work or at play, they had but one code—

"Help the poor, lend a hand here and there."

No matter what's trumps, or who holds the ace,  
The game must be played on the square.

I remember the time, when the great blizzard  
came,

The day had been pleasant and warm;  
Near sun-down it struck, with a swoop and a  
swirl,

We were gripped in that terrible storm.  
What's that? Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-  
ling, ting-a-ling!

It's the telephone's general call—  
A boy and a man are lost on the flats,  
Passed Brown's, just ahead of the squall.

Then a clear, steady voice came over the wire:

“Say, Smith? I’m sending you Slim  
And three of the boys! you work up from the  
south;

The rest are with me—this is Jim.”  
Like ghosts they drift past, each man on his  
horse,

Not a thought for the fireside so warm;  
They’re battling with nature—two lives are at  
stake,

And they’re soon swallowed up in the storm.

Through the blizzard’s dull roar comes a lone  
pistol shot,

Afar to the right, through the gloom;  
’Tis a signal for help, and the answer rings  
back—

Boo-o-o-m, boo-o-o-m.  
Again comes the call! Ping, ping, ping, ping,  
ping—

One, two, three, four, five;  
They soon will be there, that’s the sharp, hurry  
call,

And that pistol was Jim’s forty-five.

Like fleet, silent phantoms, they meet at the  
fence,

’Mid the storm’s ever-mad wailing sound:  
The men form a line, and move toward the  
west,

Faint footprints are there on the ground.  
From Wilson at left, through the roar, comes a  
shout!

On the double-quick now they all go,  
In a death-like embrace, two forms are tight-  
clasped,  
On the ground, in the fast-drifting snow.

They're lifting them out, there's no time to  
lose—

“Here, Jack, you and Curley lay hold;  
Wrap the little one tight in this fur coat of  
mine,

He's fast growing numb with the cold.  
Steady now, boys! Pass the man up to Slim;  
And Smoky, you ride as his guard;  
Let Joe take the lead. Here, give me the boy!  
Now ride, boys, and, dam it, ride hard.”

A clear-ringing shout! A door is flung wide;  
In they go, where a glowing fire burned.  
“My boy! O my boy! It was thanks; it was  
prayer—

From a mother whose lost had returned.  
“No, Jim! You shall not! I will not let you go.  
Fight your way through this fierce storm  
again?

I can never repay. But the great God, I know,  
Has rewards for such wonderful men.”



They ranged far and wide, in their quest for  
new scenes,

Went the pace—but never disgrace;  
Made plans for attack on the great pearly gates,  
They had heard it was sure quite a place.

The angels were singing, the door stood a-jar,  
Over all was that heavenly blue;

In the doorway Saint Peter held out the glad  
hand,

Saying, “Boys, we’ve been waiting for you!

“Now come along in, make yourselves plumb  
to home,

Your bunks are back there by the door;  
Yes, bring in your beds, your saddles and ropes,  
And throw ’em down there on the floor.”

Then they all crowded ’round the one with the  
harp,

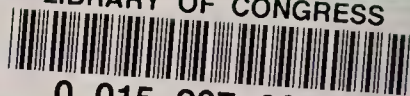
While a lullaby softly she sings;  
Jim’s eyes are now closing, his soul is at rest,  
Fanned to sleep by those “brown curly  
wings.”







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